

BEEF PRICES AT PRISON ADVANCE

NEW CONTRACTS WITH PACKERS RESULTS \$178 EXTRA EXPENSE WEEKLY.

OLD PRICE \$10.33; NEW, \$11.22

Hams Up to 25c and Lard Compound 17c per Pound—Armour & Co. Still Hold Contract for Supplying Pen.

Jefferson City, Mo.

Beef for the penitentiary for the next year will cost \$11.22 per 100 lbs. dressed. This is a provision contract entered into with Armour & Co. of Kansas City, recently. The price paid the same firm last year was only \$10.33. The penitentiary uses 20,000 pounds of beef weekly.

There were four bidders this year. Cows and heifers are specified in the contract. Morris & Co., and Swift & Co., each bid \$12 per 100 pounds and Cudahy \$11.48. The lowest bid on hams was 25 cents a pound; shoulders, \$21.91 per 100 pounds; and bacon, \$28.35 per 100 pounds. Very little pork is used except on holidays and in the hospital.

The lowest bid on what is known as compound lard was \$16.98 per 100 pounds.

Armour & Co. have held the contract for prison meat for the last few years.

Equipment Short.

Secretary of War Baker was asked, in view of the lack of equipment for the Missouri national guard mobilizing at Nevada, what the situation was in regard to equipment.

"It is improving," he said. When given details of the situation at Nevada, where it was said equipment for only one man in three was available, that sentries had no rifles, and before the secretary could be told that the place resembled a great circus ground rather than a military camp, he retorted: "Don't let your people get excited about equipment. There will be ample equipment and in time."

From other sources it was learned that the explanation might to some extent lie in the circumstances as were revealed among the Iowa guard, which also was complaining that it had no equipment. In this case it developed that a number of captains of militia had failed to make formal requisition on the central department headquarters for their equipment, and that there was a superabundance of supplies of all sorts awaiting them at Omaha. The Missouri troops, presumably, are to be outfitted at the St. Louis depot.

Convicts for Road Work.

The warden of the penitentiary has notified the state highway commission that there are now 500 convicts available for work on the state highways. Chairman E. L. Sanford of the commission has been delegates to gather information as to the best means of employing the convicts in making roads.

So far no county has asked for convict labor, and it is doubtful if many of them will do so, since the prison board has decided that the convicts must be paid for at the rate of \$1.50 per day, or just twice the highest price ever paid by any private contractor for prison labor.

Oppose Frederick's Parole.

The state prison board will not recommend a parole for A. H. Frederick of St. Louis, who is serving a 10-year sentence for real estate swindles aggregating \$100,000, say members, unless more substantial reasons are given for his release before Sept. 15, when the board will render its decision.

Probe Food Combine.

Evidence tending to show that certain mercantile houses throughout the state are in a combine to maintain high prices for groceries and produce is being gathered by Attorney General McAllister. He expects to take up an active investigation of these charges as soon as the coal inquiry has been concluded.

Board Bill Beater Extradited

Acting Governor Crossley honored the requisition of the governor of Mississippi for the extradition of A. T. Newton, wanted in Hinds county of that state, to answer the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. The specific charge is that he beat his board bill at a hotel. He was arrested at Joplin.

Appoints 30 deputies.

Timothy Birmingham, new game and fish commissioner, announced the appointment of 23 deputy game wardens who will go on the pay roll on Sept. 1.

He reappointed six of the 30 game wardens employed by Jesse B. Jones, his predecessor. Birmingham appointed several men suggested by Gov. Gardner, according to N. E. Williams, private secretary to the governor.

The list of deputies appointed follows:

George W. Morgan, La Plata; Hugh Henry, Chillicothe; Walter L. Wright, Salisbury; C. H. Branham, Orrick; Alexander Gibb, Tarkio; Jefferson Duncan, St. Joseph; Richard T. Hanlon, Kansas City; W. L. Earp, Nevada; George Bryant, Marshall; William Lohmeyer, Springfield; J. G. Leslie, Jefferson City; J. B. Gallagher, Hawk Point; Harry C. Hill, Louisiana; P. H. O'Brien, 3653 Folsom avenue, St. Louis; E. B. Alexander, 1149 Baird avenue, St. Louis; Felix De Lassus, Renfro; John R. Lett, Charleston; W. L. Sorrell, Bloomfield; E. L. Purcell, Illinois; E. B. Mobley, Kennett; C. I. Frost, Cassville; C. F. Roach, Newburg; Robert Russell, Joplin.

Hoover Promises \$2 Wheat.

The Missouri council of defense, through its chairman, F. B. Mumford, obtained from Herbert C. Hoover, food administrator, a statement of what is meant by \$2 wheat for 1918. Hoover advised the council by telegraph that the food bill fixed a minimum price of \$2 a bushel to the farmers for the 1918 wheat crop.

Mumford wanted the information to allay the uncertainty in the minds of the farmers concerning what was meant and to thus increase the acreage of wheat sown this fall.

Mumford wired as follows:

"Herbert C. Hoover, Washington: Does the government guarantee farmer \$2 bushel for wheat? Uncertainty here regarding this point. Very important definite statement regarding this matter be made immediately. Otherwise wheat acreage will not be increased. Please wire reply."

"F. B. MUMFORD, Chairman Missouri Council of Defense." To this Hoover replied as follows: "F. B. Mumford, chairman Missouri state council of defense, Columbia, Mo.: Recent legislation fixed minimum guaranteed to farmers' crop, 1918, \$2, principal primary market."

"HERBERT HOOVER."

Scandal Over Auto Tags.

The recent letting of the contract for auto license tags by the secretary of state, John L. Sullivan, has started considerable of a row.

A St. Louis manufacturer will appeal to Governor Gardner to have the contract set aside on the ground that he submitted a lower bid, that would have saved the state at least \$19,000.

Sullivan let the contract to the Universal Manufacturing and Stationery Company, incorporated last February by Con P. Curran of St. Louis. The contract obligates the state to pay 15 cents per tag to the Universal people, while Henry A. Grimm, who has had the contract for the past six years, personally informed Sullivan last April that he would agree to renew the contract which he held at the rate of 8 cents per tag for the first 10,000 and 10 cents per tag for over that number.

To Move in Ten Days.

E. W. Stephens, chairman of the capitol commission, said that he expected to see some of the state offices moved into the new building within the next 10 days.

"We have inspected a great many capitols," said Stephens, "and I feel sure there is none anywhere that is furnished any finer than the one now virtually completed at Jefferson City."

The greatest part of the capitol furniture, which Stephens helped select while in St. Louis, is mahogany, the chairs for speakers of the senate and house costing \$300 each. Each desk at which the senators and representatives will sit will cost \$75, and their chairs \$25. Approximately \$10,000 was spent on the Circassian walnut and oak furniture purchased for the governor's suite.

Seek Telephone Injunction.

A complaint was filed with the public service commission by the Meissner Telephone Co. of Jefferson county against the Union Electric Light and Power Co. of St. Louis.

The Meissner company supplies telephone service to Beck, Kimmiswick, Herculaneum, Sulphur Springs, Glen Park, Barhart, Pevely and several other towns and villages in Jefferson county.

It is asserted the Union Electric company is building a high-power transmission line through the territory occupied by the complaining company and is not taking the precautions necessary to prevent interference and injury to its lines.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

WARREN'S SUNDAY MORNING INDOLENCE STARTS HELEN ON AN OUTING ALONE

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Mabel Herbert Urner

A fresh breeze fluttered under the mul curtains, and the strong sunlight lay across the bed. A clamorous chatter of birds filled the Sunday hush.

"Oh, dear, it's a glorious morning," Helen stretched her pink, lace-frilled arms over the pillow. "Do let's get up!"

"Sunday," in grunting protest, settling lower under the covers.

"But, dear, it's almost nine," sitting up with disturbing energy.

"Only day I can sleep," shouldering back the bedclothes. "Pull down those shades."

Reluctantly Helen darkened the room and again lay down. The shrilling sparrows and the slilt of yellow light beneath the shades were alluring notes of the sun-bathed morning.

From down the street came the jangling rhythm of a hand organ. Strident as was the tune, somehow it suggested a white-sanded beach, a deep blue, sun-glinted sea and the murmurous rush of frothing waves.

What a wonderful day for an outing! But Warren's heavy regular breathing discouraged her holiday spirit. That he had had a hard week, she knew, and Sunday was the only morning he could be in bed.

For a while she forced herself to lie still. Then, finding sleep impossible, noiselessly she slipped into her dressing room.

"Will I start breakfast, ma'am?" Dora was dusting the dining room.

"No, not yet! Mr. Curtis wants to sleep."

Yielding to an impulse to dress up to the day, Helen got out her daintiest summer gown—a sheer blue organdie with flounces of white net.

Another lilted hand organ drew her to the window. Leaning out she drank in the sparkling air. Baby carriages and nursemaids, well-dressed strolling churchgoers and speeding motors filled with outing parties gave a Sunday festivity to the street.

A quarter past ten, glancing back at the clock on her dresser, Warren must get up! It was Dora's afternoon off—she would want to get through with the work.

Entering the darkened bedroom, Helen drew up the shades, laid out Warren's clean underclothes and a freshly pressed light gray suit. Then, perching on the edge of the bed, she smoothed his rumpled hair with a persuasive, "Dear, it's after ten!"

But Warren, in a deep Sunday morning coma, breathed on in audible content.

"Sweetheart," laying her cool cheek against his sleep-heated face, "you must get up!"

"Uh-h?" turning over to escape her disturbing caresses.

"It's Dora's Sunday off—we musn't make her too late."

"Eh?" yawningly. Then as the glaring sunlight blinded his sleep-blurred eyes: "Put down those shades. Don't want any breakfast."

"Look who's come to help get you up!" as Pussy Purr-Mew, leaping on

the bed, sniffed inquiringly at Warren's outstretched hand.

"See here!" with an angry founce that shook the springs and sent Pussy Purr-Mew flying. "I'll not get up till I'm good and ready! Now you get out of here and let me—"

But Helen had darted off to answer the insistent 'phone.

"Hello! — Yes," with eager expectancy. — "Oh, we'd love to go. — How soon? — Where're you now? — Downstairs!" in dismay. — "Oh, Warren's not even up! — Wait, I'll ask him."

Leaving the receiver off the hook, she rushed back to the bedroom.

"The Stevenses are downstairs in the car," breathlessly. "They want us to go out to the Fieldbrook club, but they can only wait ten minutes. Hurry, dear—do hurry!"

"Ten minutes? I guess not? If they can't wait half an hour—tell 'em to go on."

"Oh, they can't! They've got to meet some people who're going out on the 11:30. Oh, dear, hurry—hurry," trying to drag him out of bed. "It's a perfect day for Fieldbrook!"

"Say I'll be down in half an hour," as with maddening leisure he prepared to get up. "They can't expect us to be always ready to fall into their machine."

"Can't you wait twenty minutes?" temporized Helen over the 'phone. "He's dressing now—he'll hurry all he can. — No, of course not—I wouldn't want you to miss them. — Yes, I'm ready. — Without Warren? Oh no, I couldn't think of it."

"Why not?" yelled Warren from the bedroom. "Go ahead if they want you! That'll suit me fine."

"But, dear, I wouldn't enjoy it without you."

"Why not?" persistently. "I'll be mighty glad to put in a good day's snooze."

More urgings by Mrs. Stevens over the 'phone, more gruff insistence from the bedroom and Helen reluctantly yielded.

"Oh, I don't like to go without you," when in a long white coat and veiled hat she hovered over Warren, who had gone back to bed.

"Don't worry about me—I'll have the time of my life. Run along now—if they're in such a blooming hurry!"

Downstairs the Stevenses greeted her joyously.

"I've been trying to get Warren up all morning," with lingering regret, as she settled back on the leather-tufted seat.

"Well, you're not going to stay in and pamper him a day like this," Mrs. Stevens tucked the linen duster about her.

At first, Helen gave herself up to the sheer physical joy of the glittering sunlight and soft-scented air. But soon thoughts of Warren shadowed her mind.

Would he sleep all morning without either breakfast or lunch? In her hurry, she had forgotten to give Dora any orders. That she had had no breakfast hardly occurred to her. But Warren should not miss his meals; any irregularity always upset him.

The car shot on with even speed. They were at One Hundred and Eightieth street now. With vague uneasiness, Helen was watching the numbers on the lamp-posts.

"That's not very heavy," observed

Mrs. Stevens, feeling Helen's tight pongee coat. "Will you be warm enough coming back tonight?"

"Tonight! Why, we'll be back before dinner?"

"Before dinner? We're to dine out there! We won't get back much before midnight."

"Oh," blankly. "I thought we were only going out for luncheon."

"Well, now, don't begin to worry about Warren. Do him good to have a lonely Sunday. You can 'phone him from the club, if you want to."

Two Hundred and Thirty-fifth street, Two Hundred and Thirty-sixth street, Two Hundred and Thirty-seventh street. The last subway station was at Two Hundred and Forty-second. She could get out there—and be back home in less than an hour!

Not until midnight! What would Warren do for dinner? Where would he go? How would he spend the evening? Would he stay around home and read in lonely dreariness?

What if he did want to lie in bed? Sunday was his one day to rest. And his work was so nerve-wearing, he required sleep.

Two Hundred and Thirty-ninth street—only three more blocks! Leaning forward, she laid a detaining hand on Mr. Stevens' shoulder.

"Stop at Two Hundred and Forty-second street—I'm going back on the subway! Oh, I know I'm foolish, but I can't leave Warren all day."

A storm of protest followed this announcement. Mrs. Stevens, exercising the privilege of an old friend, denounced in scathing sarcasm Helen's lack of independence.

"Yes, I know," helplessly, "but I wouldn't enjoy it. I'd be perfectly wretched all day—I know I would."

From the subway kiosk she waved them a laughing good-by. Almost lightheartedly she ran down the steps to a waiting express.

It was not quite twelve when she reached their apartment. Noiselessly she closed the door and tiptoed through the hall. Warren should sleep as long as he wanted—but when he woke he would find her there.

Passing the dining room, she stopped in startled amazement. Dora was clearing the breakfast table.

"Yes, ma'am, Mr. Curtis had his breakfast, but he didn't eat nothin'—just a cup of coffee and a bit of toast."

The next second Helen had darted into the library where Warren, in his shirt sleeves, his hands in his pockets, stood staring moodily out the window.

It was only in that first glinting second that she saw his face light up. Then he shook the ashes from his cigar with a careless, "Hello, kitten, what brought you back?"

"Oh, they won't get home before midnight! They're to have dinner out there—and I—I couldn't stay that long without you!" Drawing him to a chair she crept into his lap. "I made them let me out at the last subway station."

"Silly!" blowing away her tickling veil. "How'd you like to go down to Long Beach—have dinner there?"

"Oh, I'd love it!" excitedly. "I'd love it!"

"Look out—that's a villainous thing!" dodging a threatening hatpin, as she burrowed her face against his contented chest. "Now we haven't time to fool," pushing her away. "You get some breakfast and we'll be off. Yes, I'll have a cup of coffee with you—felt a bit off my feed this morning."

French Music.

If democracy means something different to us here in the United States from what it means to Englishmen, it is because of our ancient friendship with France and because through that friendship we have learned to respond to her ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity as Englishmen do not. So it is to France that we owe, and are likely in increasing measure in the future to owe, progress in the appreciation, in the performance, and in the creation of music.—Exchange.

Moth's Wing Movement.

The moth has a curious habit, developed during many centuries, when at rest, or crawling slowly about the leaves and stems of plants, of keeping up a constant, gentle, fanning motion of the wings, which when seen from a short distance appears like a snake's head in the act of striking.

Purchasing in Season.

With fruits and vegetables the price is often determined by the season. A vegetable out of season is much more expensive than one in season, but it is no more nutritious. In order to purchase to best advantage, the housewife should understand such things and should also be familiar with general market conditions.—Exchange.

Last year England's tobacco bill was increased by a little more than 21 per cent.

CITY GIRLS LEARN FARMING

After Period of Training They Are Taking Places of Men Who Are Needed in War Work.

There is a 200-acre farm in Westchester county, New York, where 50 girls are learning to be farmers. As soon as they have a knowledge of any kind of work they hire out to the neighboring farmers for 20 cents an hour, to take the place of the men, who are needed for other kind of work in this busy war time.

An employment bureau to supply women for this kind of work in New York state is being established by the standing committee on agriculture of the mayor's committee of women on national defense, and it has been proved that there is not only a demand but a supply of woman farm workers.

Some of the girls at the Westchester camp are college girls and they all wear blue shirts and overalls, except the dieticians from Teachers' college, who wear white. They get their board and rooms at the Westchester farm while learning and 50 cents a day.

Next year these girls will be competent to start other agricultural centers.

They begin with a few hours of work each day and increase it until they can work up to the hours of a man of normal strength.

Brigadier General at Twenty-Eight.

The war has seen some rapid promotions, but probably the most rapid is that of B. C. Freyberg, who, at twenty-eight years old, has been gazetted temporary brigadier general. Born in New Zealand, Freyberg was twice wounded in Gallipoli, where he won the distinguished service order for swimming ashore in the Gulf of Saros and was mentioned in dispatches dealing with the evacuation of that place. He won the Victoria Cross when leading the naval brigade at Beaucourt last November, was wounded four times during that battle and was injured at Antwerp.

Sap Is Life of Trees.

Sap is pumped up through the wood in a tree and will go through dead wood, but will not return by the same medium. Therefore a tree may live